

maison. I was ushered into the tent drawing-room, where I found Josephine and Hortense. When I entered Josephine stretched out her hand to me, saying, " Ah ! my friend!" These words she pronounced with deep emotion, and tears prevented her from continuing. She threw herself on the ottoman on the left of the fireplace, and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Hortense stood by the fireplace, endeavoring to conceal her tears. Josephine took my hand, which she pressed in both her own ; and, after a struggle to overcome her feelings, she said, " My dear Bourrienne, I have drained my cup of misery. He has cast me off! forsaken me ! He conferred upon me the vain title of Empress only to render my fall the more marked. Ah ! we judged him rightly ! I knew the destiny that awaited me; for what would he not sacrifice to his ambition ! " As she finished these words one of Queen Hortense's ladies entered with a message to her; Hortense staid a few moments, apparently to recover from the emotion under which she was laboring, and then withdrew, so that I was left alone with Josephine. She seemed to wish for the relief of disclosing her sorrows, which I was curious to hear from her own lips; women have such a striking way of telling their distresses.

Josephine confirmed what Duroc had told me respecting the two apartments at Fontainebleau; then, coming to the period when Bonaparte had declared to her the necessity of a separation, she said, " My dear Bourrienne, during all the years you were with us you know I made you the confidant of my thoughts, and kept you acquainted with my sad forebodings. They are now cruelly fulfilled. I acted the part of a good wife to the very last. I have suffered all, and I am resigned! . . . What fortitude did it require latterly to endure my situation, when, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to see myself in the eyes of the world! With what eyes do courtiers look upon a repudiated wife ! I was in a state of vague uncertainty worse than death until the fatal day when he at length avowed to me what I had long before read in his looks! On the 30th of November, 1809, we were dining together as usual, I had not uttered a word during that sad dinner, and he